his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, dost thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a iest shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said I.*

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

And find delight, writ there with b
Examine euery married liniament
And see how one an other lends co
And what obscurde in this faire vo
Finde written in the margeant of h
This precious booke of loue, this vn
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Co
The fish liues in the sea, and tis mu
For faire without the faire, within
That booke in manies eyes doth fl
That in gold claspes locks in the g
So shall you share all that he doth
By hauing him, making your selfe

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger wom

Old La. Speake briefly, can you

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking
But no more deepe will I endart
Then your consent giues strength

Ser. Madam the guests are com
my young Lady askt for, the Nurs
uerie thing in extremitie: I must h
follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the

Nur. Go gyrle, seeke happie n

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, B
Maskers, torchbearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech
Or shall we on without apologie

Ben. The date is out of such pr
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt
Bearing a Tartars painted bow o
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowke
But let them measure vs by what
Weele measure them a measure a

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am no

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.73)